Thrill

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Thrill

by lesfleursrouges

Summary

"But imagine it," Lestat drawls, in that tone he always uses when he's being purposely annoying, because he knows that it drives Louis up the walls, "Having me do anything for you, all you ask. Having me under your authority, yours to command, yours to—"

"I have all that already, Les," Louis reminds him.

Lestat wonders what it's like to work for Louis. He finds out.

Set in episode 1x2.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

I have no excuse. None.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s one of those particularly mild nights close to summer, not humid enough to be stifling, and with no rain and no unbearable heat.

It’s also one of those nights that Louis has chosen to put on something particularly *ravishing.*

Of course, Louis objectively looks good *always,* but there is something about the suit he’s put on tonight that is especially inspiring.

They’d visited the new club earlier — *The Azalea,* as Louis has christened it — and Lestat had taken great joy in observing him conduct his business ever so effortlessly.

Despite Lestat’s dislike for his continued clinging to his mortality, watching Louis work is always a joy. His choice of clothing tonight is just a bonus.

Louis is driving the new car they’ve recently purchased, and the soft breeze that sweeps over them is very nice. What’s also very nice is the fact that Louis has not yet batted away Lestat’s hand where he’s resting it on his knee.

A thought springs to mind. He’s thought it often, recently, this particular thought.

"Louis," he drawls, his fingers wandering up Louis’ thigh, teasing at the inseam of his tailored pants, *"Mon cher amour, j’y pense…* What if I worked for you?"

Louis quirks a brow. "You wanna play the piano at the club again? Sure, I can talk to the band, have them play one less night every week. Your playing is gorgeous, baby, I'm sure it'd be—"

"Mh," Lestat interrupts him, *"Non, mon cher."*

It's enough for Louis to take his eyes off of the road to look at him. "What, you wanna be a waiter?"

Lestat licks his lips. *"Mais non."* He leans forward, his hand still resting there high up on Louis' thigh. "I'd like to *work* for you."

Louis' hands twitch on the steering wheel. "Lestat," he says firmly, "You're being ridiculous."

Lestat laughs, tilts his head back so his hair's flowing in the soft wind. "Why? Is it not your profession to employ—"

"Lestat, please." Louis is blushing. It's endearing, the spreading of heat in his face, even though his expressions remains so decidedly unaffected.

"But imagine it, *chéri,"* Lestat drawls, in that tone he always uses when he's being purposely annoying, because he knows that it drives Louis up the walls, "Having me do anything for you, all you ask. Having me under your authority, yours to command, yours to—"

"I have all that already, Les," Louis reminds him, because he does indeed have all of it, finally pulling into their garage.

Lestat hums, fingers drumming against the side of the car. He's still sprawled in his seat when Louis gets out, watching him contemplatively. "Wouldn't you like that? Having me as your whore, hm, *mon cher?"*

Louis gives him a look. It loses its intended effect with the flush in his face. "You're not a whore, Lestat."

Lestat sighs. "Oh, you're no fun, *chéri."* He finally gets out of the car, follows Louis into the house. "What if I had arrived from France with no money at all, begged you for employment? Would you have turned me down then?"

He trails after Louis into the parlour, sheds his obscenely expensive coat and leaves it there on the floor, careless like he'd usually never be. "Would you have been so cruel to deny me work, *mon cher?* Turned me down and left me hungry and starving and cold all because you wouldn't let me work for you?"

Louis presses his lips together. His eyes dip to Lestat's lips, for the briefest of moments. "Pick it up."

"Pick what up?" Lestat counters.

"The coat. Pick it up. I don't pay you to make a mess in my house."

There's rarely been a time that Lestat has felt his stomach drop so fast with the thrill of arousal. His throat feels tight with it, all of a sudden.

And Louis, beautiful Louis, stands and watches as he bends down to retrieve the coat off the floor, as he hangs it up neatly.

"Good," Louis says, but his tone suggests the opposite, "Come here."

His gorgeous, green eyes seem to darken with every step Lestat takes in his direction.

He sinks down on a sofa, grabs the half-empty cigar box off the sidetable, lights one. He's the image of carefree indulgence.

Lestat *wants him.*

The most beautiful man in the world.

"On your knees," Louis whispers, eyes so very dark.

Lestat kneels. Draws a hiss through his teeth when Louis' hand twists in his hair, tightly.

"How many men have you had like this already tonight?" Louis asks, face unchanged except for the curl of his lip, "How many have used you tonight?"

Lestat takes a moment to gather some spit in his suddenly very dry mouth, averts his eyes. *"Désolé, Monsieur de Pointe du Lac,"* he whispers, stares at the shiny leather of Louis' shoes, makes his accent more heavy than usually, "I don't speak a lot of English."

Louis' hand tightens in his hair ever so slightly. Louis would never admit it, but the French does things to him — It's always such a joy to watch him come undone just because of a few words, carefully chosen. Lestat's perfected the technique.

"Fine," he says, voice strained, *"Combien d'hommes t'ont déjà mis à genoux ce soir?"*

Lestat swallows. Looks up at him, meets his gaze. *"Rien que vous."*

Louis' hand trails down the side of his cheek, till his thumb is resting on his lips. "You're very pretty," he comments, disinterested, despite the heat in his eyes.

He shifts on the sofa, and his pants do not do a good job of hiding his arousal. He crosses his legs when he notices Lestat looking.

"Open your mouth," he says and takes a drag of his cigar. Presses two fingers down on Lestat's tongue, all the way in, until becomes uncomfortable. "You like this, huh?"

Lestat feels himself flush as he tries to nod.

"Such a slut, aren't you?" Louis whispers, and something—

Something in Lestat's brain rewires at that *word,* in Louis' voice. He's never said it before, never—

He hears his own embarrassingly loud wail through the roar of blood in his ears before Louis cuts it off by ripping his fingers from his mouth.

"Take off your clothes," Louis says, eyes narrowed, "Lestat."

He's not even pretending not understanding now, not when he's so— *overwhelmed.*

"Lestat," Louis says again, more sharply, *"Enlève tes vêtements."*

He scrambles to comply, uncaring for the sound of ripping fabric. Louis' gaze is hot like coals on his skin, searing into him.

"Very pretty," he repeats, and sounds deliciously condescending, "Look how wet you are. *Montre-moi."*

Lestat swallows, tries not to tremble when he wraps a hand around himself. Louis is right — he's obscenely wet considering he's not even been touched at all.

"You're so eager for this, isn't that true?" Louis whispers, his voice not nearly as steady as it was before, "Look at yourself. You were born for this job, weren't you? Just to please men who pay you well for it. Every night."

"Oui," Lestat chokes, "Oh—"

The touch of own hand is nothing against the prod of the tip Louis' shoe against the underside of his cock.

The leather is cold and it's rather uncomfortable, the press of it into the sensitive skin there, but—

"Make yourself come," Louis whispers, takes a drag of smoke, "Don't you get anything on my shoe, though."

Lestat whimpers, stifles it just barely into the side of his own arm, his fangs pressing rather urgently into his gums.

"You want to be a good girl for me, no?" Louis murmurs somewhere far above him and Lestat's vision briefly blacks out, the force of his orgasm nearly knocking him off-balance.

"Louis," he gasps, trembling when he takes his hand away from his cock, "Louis—"

Fingers thread through his hair again, gently tilt his head up. "You alright?"

Lestat nods, still shuddering with the aftershocks. Louis' face is so beautiful from this angle.

"Do you wanna go on with this, baby?" Louis asks, brows narrowed in concern.

"Louis," Lestat gets out. He can't remember if he's ever come so hard — and so fast — just from his own touch. It's almost embarrassing. "Please, I need— I like this."

Louis nods all seriously and smiles, so very sweetly. In that way that makes the corners of his eyes crinkle, the corners of his lips quirk. "Yeah, I know you do." He leans down to kiss Lestat, so gently. His lips taste like smoke.

With another one of those private smirks of his that he only ever shares with Lestat, he leans back on the sofa. "Alright, baby," he whispers, smoothing his hand over Lestat's hair, before he tugs on it rather sharply.

"Clean it up," he says, narrowing his eyes, "Your hand."

Lestat laps it all up methodically, never breaking their gaze — makes sure to suck on his own fingers for good measure at the end.

"Très bien," Louis whispers, eyes dark and attentive.

"Merci, Monsieur," Lestat murmurs, bites his lip, sure to flash his fangs. *"Comment puis-je vous être encore de service?"*

Louis' nostrils flare when he takes a sharp breath. His fingers wander down the side of Lestat's face, to hook under his chin. "You want to work for me, yes?"

Lestat nods.

"I've a high standard for my whores," Louis drawls, his lips twitching briefly into the smallest of smiles at the ridiculousness of that line.

Lestat struggles not to laugh.

Louis narrows his eyes against the humour shining in them. "I'll have to see if your skills are adequate."

"Oui, Monsieur," Lestat agrees, runs his tongue over his teeth.

"Open my pants, come on," Louis whispers, not letting go of Lestat's chin, his cigar suspended between the fingers of his other hand, "I don't have all night."

He sighs softly when Lestat manages to get his cock from his pants.

"What, don't just stare at it," he hisses, nails digging into Lestat's jaw, *"Besoin d'une invitation écrite?"*

His breath hitches ever so slightly when Lestat flattens his tongue to the tip to taste the wetness beading at the slit.

Lestat allows his eyes to drop closed, to enjoy the weight of Louis in his mouth when he takes him deeper, the taste of him. He enjoys this almost as much as eating him out, which is a whole different pleasure by itself.

"You really got a mouth worth paying for," Louis gasps, tugging him a bit further down, "I could sell you out for the highest price every night."

Lestat whines around it, very barely manages not to gag when Louis pushes him down all the way in one go, the length of it choking him. He's sure it's visible from outside, the bulging of it against the inside of his throat. His eyes are stinging with the strain, his hands twitching where he's gripping his own thighs in an attempt to resist the temptation to touch himself again.

Louis pulls away with what can only be called a snarl, his hand seizing Lestat's hair again. "I'm not finished with you yet," he says, breath ragged and uneven.

"Please," Lestat gets out, "Let me—"

Louis shakes his head, frowns meanly, catching his breath. "Who's in charge, huh?" he asks, cupping Lestat's cheek, *"Dis-moi."*

Lestat swallows noisily. "You."

Louis nods. Slowly. His eyes are blown so black. "Good girl," he whispers, and it's almost hesitant, the way he says it. Like he's not sure—

Lestat's mouth falls open on a helpless gasp. The heat in cheeks is burning by now. "Please," he gets out, "Tell me what you want. Do you want to fuck me?"

He licks his lips, watches Louis' expression shift from trepidation back to arousal. "Do you want to fuck me raw? Fill me up, breed me—"

Louis yanks him forward for a kiss, pries his lips open with his tongue, a breathless moan punched from him when he tugs Lestat onto the sofa with him. "Yeah," he exhales, "I want that."

"Then take it," Lestat says, "Have me."

Louis' hand around his cock makes him groan. "How often can you come a night, hm?" he asks, "Three times? Fetches a good price, an eager whore, Les."

"Four," Lestat whimpers, helplessly thrusting up into his touch, *"Quatre, Monsieur."*

"Let’s make that five, yes?" Louis breathes, hot against his lips, "I know you’re a slut. I’m sure you can do it."

It’s always that word. Something about it— He doesn’t even know what it is but it makes him come again, whining helplessly, all over Louis’ fist, some drops of it spilling on the sleeve of his suit jacket.

He watches blearily as Louis takes another drag of his cigar, the end of it barely glimmering anymore.

Louis purses his lips in a parody of upset, inspects his ruined sleeve with vague disinterest. "Look at that," he says, "Now you’ve gone and messed up my clothing. Gonna have to deduct that from your pay."

He sniffs, that half-smile playing on his lips again. "You know, this suit’s one of my favourites." He leans in, until his lips brush Lestat’s ear. "My husband got me that suit. And you’ve made it all filthy."

"Your husband?" Lestat repeats, because he can’t help it.

"Oh yes," Louis whispers, "He can of course never know I’m fucking a whore like you. He’d be so mad at me."

Lestat shudders and Louis draws back, pinches his lips. "Go get me some whiskey," he says, "And a tissue."

Lestat scrambles to comply, pours a glass of whiskey from their liquor cabinet and brings along one of the napkins they keep there for no reason at all.

He repositions himself back in Louis' lap, watches him wipe up his spend with a pinched expression that would almost be convincing if Lestat didn't know how eagerly he usually sucks on—

Louis glares at him. "What did you just say?"

Lestat blinks. Swallows. He'd not intended to say it out loud. Or maybe he had. *"Je suis désolé."*

"You know I don't like disobedience," Louis whispers, bringing the cigar up to his lips again, "'specially not from you."

"Je suis dé—"

He yelps when Louis puts the cigar out on his chest, just above his nipple. The sting makes his cock twitch against his thigh.

"Louis," he gasps, shocked that Louis would resort to such drastic measures and more than thrilled.

"Alright?" Louis hushes, "Baby?"

Lestat nods, gasps when Louis presses the side of a nail into the already healing wound.

There's a bit of blood and the image of Louis sucking it off his finger—

"Look at you," Louis huffs, "Already hard again. That's what gets you off, huh? Some pain? Might give you a thrill to know what I do with my girls who displease me, that I bend them over my knee and—"

Their eyes meet and they both can’t help but laugh at the ridiculousness of this.

"I think Christmas and Easter falling on the same day is more likely than you bending any of those girls over your knee, *mon cher,"* Lestat mutters.

Louis rolls his eyes. "Mh, yes. But you’re special."

Lestat kisses him, trails his lips off to the side his jaw. "You can bend me over as often as you want, *chéri."*

"Jesus, Les," Louis sighs, fondly exasperated, and shifts them both so Lestat can sprawl over the length of the sofa, face pressing into a plush pillow.

He can hear Louis take a sip of whiskey. His fingertips brushing against his spine, trailing down steadily. Lestat is ready to protest when he takes them away so suddenly, but all protest dies on his tongue when Louis reaches to wrap his hand around him again.

The click of the glass against the sidetable startles Lestat, Louis’ fingers, drenched in whiskey, prodding at his lips.

The taste is rather bland, too bitter to be enjoyable, but he moans nonetheless, lets Louis play with his mouth while he strokes his cock.

"How little will you last this time, hm?" Louis breathes, so very carefully mocking, as he twists his hand around Lestat’s cock expertly, "Maybe we’ll have to train your endurance, don’t you think? Can’t have a slut who’s—"

Lestat comes with a muffled mewl and Louis chuckles, breathless, drops a kiss to his shoulder, and mercifully withdraws his hand.

"What is it with that word, Les?" he asks, shuffling back on the sofa.

"J'sais pas," Lestat groans, gasping for air.

He feels Louis' smile against his skin. "I might have to use it more often."

"Louis," Lestat whines, "Please."

"Please what?"

"Please fuck me." He pushes his ass back toward Louis. He's found in the past that that makes it far more effective than just begging for it verbally.

Louis takes a sharp breath and his palms are warm where he puts them to Lestat's cheeks to pull them apart.

"Incroyable," he drawls, amused, "Your cunt's not as loose as I expected."

Lestat almost laughs at that line, too, except that he can't help the choked whimper forcing itself from his mouth, barely muffled by the pillow, at the sound of Louis spitting on his fingers, the sensation when he presses them into his hole.

"You're mine," Louis says, breathless, "I paid for you."

"Yes," Lestat gasps, pushing back into it, wanting more, always more. He'd take Louis' cock without preparation but Louis never lets him have it like that, unwilling to cause him that kind of pain.

"I knew you'd like that," Louis mutters, *"Si pressé de l'avoir, pas vrai?"*

He puts in another and Lestat’s head spins with the continued onslaught of pleasure because Louis, cruel Louis, of course makes sure to get the right spot every time.

He squirms a bit more, slams his teeth into the pillow, his fangs out without his permission, which hasn’t happened in so long.

"Stay still," Louis whispers, gives him a light slap and pulls his fingers away, replaces them with the tip of his cock.

"Louis," he whines, hips jerking back against it, "Louis—"

Lestat chokes when he’s slapped again, just a bit harder, at the same time that Louis puts it in and he barely gets a hand around his cock before he’s coming again, his eyes rolling back inside his head.

"Oh, it’s *that* good for you?" Louis comments, emphasising the question with another slap.

"Oui, oui," Lestat gasps, tastes his own blood on his lips where he’s bitten them, his voice hitching on a cry when Louis pulls all the way out just to slam back in, hitting his spot full-force. "*T’es le meilleur que j'ai jamais eu."*

"God," Louis says behind him, holds his hips still so he can fuck in harder, "God, Lestat, oh baby, you’re so—"

Lestat’s head is spinning. His teeth hurt and he’s so dangerously close already again—He’s never come so many times in a row, never felt this pressing urge to come *again* after—

"My cunt’s all yours," he chokes, either in English or in French, he doesn’t know, "Just for you, always for you, Louis—"

"So wet for me," Louis whispers, forehead dropping to Lestat's shoulder, "Your cock and your cunt both."

"Please," Lestat gasps, *"Rends-moi encore plus mouillé."*

Louis pushes his face down into the pillow, his hips grinding into Lestat's slowly. The noise it makes is filthy.

"Come on, turn around," he breathes, "Wanna see your face."

He pulls out and Lestat nearly cries out, physically painful as the emptiness inside him is, but Louis' hands are on his hips, encourage him to shift around so he's lying on his back, one of his legs dropping off the side of the couch before Louis tugs it up to wrap around his waist.

"Better like this, isn't it," he whispers, kisses him, before he puts it in again, all the way. "Can you come for me untouched, baby? Without a hand on your cock? Like a good girl?"

"Y'a rien que j'ferais pas pour toi, tu sais," Lestat gasps, verging on a whimper when Louis takes his hand away from his cock, such an angry red where it slaps against his belly.

"Rien du tout?" Louis repeats, leans down to lap at the closing wound by his collarbone. Lestat moans softly, the sound like a blessing to Louis.

"Rien du tout," Lestat repeats heatedly, "I'd let you breed me like you promised you'd do."

Louis makes a choked sound, eyes widening before they flutter shut. "Fuck, baby, I—" His lips find Lestat's, messily. "You'd really do it, wouldn't you. Let me fill you up all the time. You'd love that, I know you would, Les, being bred—"

Lestat's jaw drops open. He finds that there is not enough air. He's so close, so—

"Louis," he gasps, hands scrambling against the sofa uselessly.

"I'd have to keep you full of my come for it to take," Louis whispers, lips caressing at his ear, "And we'd have make sure it's not gonna drip out of you and be wasted, baby, God—"

Lestat comes with a cry that makes the mirror beside the armoire rattle, the fifth time tonight, which is insane to consider, tears spilling from his eyes.

Louis' lips press to the side of his throat, his hips slamming into Lestat's one last time. The whimper from his mouth is the sweetest sound Lestat's heard all night. Probably ever.

"God," Louis pants, "Oh God."

Lestat wraps his arms around him, draws him close to his chest, unheeding of the mess there that ruins Louis' beautiful red suit completely.

"God," Louis whispers again, nuzzling his face into the side of Lestat's throat.

Lestat bites his lip. *"Chéri,"* he mutters, "You may also call me Lestat."

The glare that Louis gives him is something to behold. "Baby, at this rate I might actually make good on that spanking I mentioned." He stretches up for a lazy kiss. "Where did this come from, even?"

"My name's always been Lestat, *mon cher—"*

Louis slaps his arm, rolls his eyes. "You know what I mean."

Lestat shrugs a shoulder as much as he can with Louis draped over him. "I love being called a slut. I don't know why, I just do."

Louis narrows his eyes. "I see."

"You can do it more often."

"I see," Louis says again, faintly amused, and rests his head on Lestat's chest again. "You know, I meant it. With you playing the piano at the club."

Lestat smirks up at the ceiling. "*Y'a rien que je ne ferais pas pour toi."*

Louis hums contentedly. "I know, baby."

He steals another kiss and Lestat already wonders how he'll best get Louis to indeed give him that spanking he promised.

He's sure there'll be an opportunity soon. It always annoys Louis so, so much when he leaves the window upstairs open during the day.

Maybe — just *maybe,* of course — he'll forget it again later.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

Translations:
J'y pense — I've been thinking

Combien d’hommes t’ont déjà mis à genoux ce soir? — How many men have had you on your knees already tonight?

Rien que vous — Only you

Enlève tes vêtements — Take off your clothes

Montre-moi — Show me

Comment puis-je vous être encore de service? — How else can I serve you?

Besoin d'une invitation écrite? — Do you need a written invitation?

Dis-moi — Tell me

Je suis désolé — I’m sorry

J’sais pas — I don’t know

Incroyable — Unbelievable

Si pressé de l'avoir, pas vrai? — So eager for that, isn’t that right?

T’es le meilleur que j'ai jamais eu — You’re the best I’ve ever had

Rends-moi encore plus mouillé — Make me wetter

Y'a rien que j'ferais pas pour toi, tu sais — There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, you know

Rien du tout — Nothing at all

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

So this happened. I still don't have an excuse.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lestat's first mistake is choosing this particular night to do this — Louis is in a bad mood since he woke up, which doesn't happen often.

His second mistake is realising far too late that he's made the first mistake.

They have a window in a storage closet upstairs that looks out over their backyard and the narrow street behind. It was very much useless until Louis had decided that the closet needs airing occasionally, which has lead to it being left wide open during the night.

Its only other purpose is being an object of contention between them, because Louis wants the window closed during the day and Lestat forgets, on occasion, to close it.

It's where Lestat's first mistake comes into play and it's almost more fatal than the second mistake, because in this particular night, Louis is very much not inclined to play games, his mouth pulled into a continuous frown while he goes through the various different contracts he's drawn up for the newly-acquired *Azalea.*

Lestat goes out to hunt alone and Louis is still rifling through the documents when he comes home again, only gives him a furtive glance and a rather strained *hello.* It's where Lestat should've realised that this night is not the right one to carry out the rather uncomplicated plan he's made up in the last few days, but he blames Louis' bad mood on the contracts and goes upstairs to purposely not close the window in the closet and to get changed for the night.

Louis appears in the doorway just when he's put on the new robe he's purchased recently, the one that Louis does so like, black, with a blueish pattern that perfectly matches his eyes.

"Lestat," Louis says. His tone his hard. Irritated. Lestat is *thrilled.*

"Ah, *oui, chéri?"* he asks, fussing over his hair in the mirror.

"How often do I need to tell you to close that fucking window in the closet?" Louis must be very mad if he's cursing.

Lestat suppresses a smirk. "I'm sorry, I must've forgotten. Will you forgive me?"

"Lestat," Louis repeats, exasperation seeping into his tone, "What if someone breaks in during the day? What if they found the coffins? We'd be defenceless, God knows what could happen."

"Why, that thief of yours is hardly going to climb the façade. What do you think, that he'll *fly* into our house?" He almost laughs at his own private joke but he catches Louis' eyes in the mirror before he can.

Louis, whose face is close to murderous by now. Which is definitely the point at which he should've apologised. "I mean it, Lestat," he says sharply, "This isn't funny."

"Besides," Lestat goes on, heedless, teasingly, "I'm sure he'd find a way to break in even if the window was closed precisely like you want it, *mon cher amour."*

"You cannot take anything seriously, can you," Louis hisses, "This is not a goddamn joke. I don't want to die because you're unable to close a fucking window."

Lestat scoffs, finally, slowly but surely abandoning all hopes that this night will still be fun in any way. "We're not going to *die—"*

Louis' mouth is a thin line. He's actually upset now. *Really* upset. Which is not good at all. Which is not what Lestat intended. "You taught me how important it is to make the house safe during the day. Excuse me if I try and stick to your own rules."

Lestat raises a placating hand, which only seems to incense Louis more. "I'm sorry, *chéri,"* he tries, "I merely forgot, I will not—"

"You always apologise and then you do it again," Louis snaps, "If you're going to continue acting like my concerns are a joke to you—"

"Louis," Lestat says, alarmed, "Your concerns matter to me a lot. I always listen to you, *mon cher.* There is no one in the world whose opinion I value more than yours."

Louis stares at him long and hard for a moment. "Then close the goddamn window when I tell you to."

Lestat nods quickly. This is rather not the outcome he'd hoped to accomplish tonight. "Yes, Louis."

Louis gives him another look, face drawn. "Fine. I'm going to sleep now. Goodnight."

Lestat draws his bottom lip between his teeth and stares at the door to their coffin room that Louis has just disappeared into. He waits a moment, until he's heard the characteristic sound of the lid closing and then he goes to check if the window is closed.

Which it isn't. Of course not. Louis could have done it earlier, but he didn't. Because he's petty like that.

Lestat makes sure to give the closed coffin a glare when he settles into his own. And Louis is, of course, right. The open window is a potential safety issue for them both, for the precise reasons that Louis had listed.

He stares up at his own coffin lid in the dark and curses himself for his own stupidity. Perhaps he should've chosen a different annoyance of Louis' — of which there aren't few — and one that's not as delicate as the window one.

He closes his eyes, shifts on his side and feels uncomfortably cold without Louis in his arms. Despite their two coffins, it's usually only situations like this one that they actually use both simultaneously. Usually, Louis would curl around him, rest his head on his chest and Lestat would—

He refuses to think about it now, when he's only got himself to blame for his misery.

He doesn't sleep well that day, not at all. He hates sleeping angry, and he hates it even more when Louis is angry. He gets up early, Louis' coffin still closed and gets dressed in silence, careful not to rouse him.

The sun has barely set by the time he leaves the house, which is good because most shops are still open. He visits the bookstore, naturally, because books are Louis' favourite thing, and Lestat had noticed him re-reading a lot of books from their shelves lately, for a lack of new options.

He buys two books, the nice, leatherbound editions of course, titles that Louis has been talking about the last few nights — and despite Louis evidently thinking otherwise, Lestat actually does listen to him.

Afterward, Lestat buys flowers, and agonises for a good few minutes about which ones to get, but settles for roses in the end. Louis likes roses.

He murders a man and his wife on the way home, careful not to get any blood on the books or the flowers or his person, because he's dressed in a suit that Louis likes particularly much, and leaves the bodies in an alleyway for someone else to find.

At home, he arranges everything on the coffee table for Louis to find when he comes downstairs and goes outside to smoke.

He perks up at the sound of the coffin opening upstairs, listens to Louis eventually get up and rifle through the wardrobe, change, and then the sound of him walking down the stairs. Lestat tosses his cigarette into the turned-off incinerator and slips back into the house, finds Louis standing in the middle of the living room, arms crossed over his chest as he inspects the presents on the coffee table.

"Mon cher," Lestat murmurs, *"Bonsoir."*

"What is all this?" Louis asks, quirking a brow. The bemusement in his tone is good, Lestat knows. He’s not angry anymore.

"An apology," Lestat tells him, "I debated on the choice of flowers."

"Lestat," Louis sighs, mildly exasperated, but in a good way, "You didn’t need to do this."

"Yes, I did," Lestat argues, "I upset you. You deserve an apology."

Louis gives him a look. "I heard you leave earlier. Did you wake up early to get all of this just for me?"

Lestat nods. "I did not sleep well anyways. You know how I don’t like sleeping angry."

A small, secret smile plays on Louis’ lips and Lestat knows that he’d never admit it, but he loves presents. He picks up the books first, of course, and the look on his face is really quite something. "Oh Lestat, *War and Peace? Crime and Punishment?"*

Lestat nods. "I do listen, *mon cher."*

"Mh," Louis hums, "And roses?" He scoops up the vase to smell them. He'd of course also never openly admit it, but he does have a weakness for the scent of them, Lestat knows this.

"I'm sorry for last night."

Louis sets the flowers back on the table. "I overreacted," he says, "I had a bad night, with the paperwork and all the bills for the club."

"You're right about the window," Lestat admits, "Of course you are."

Louis gives him a long, contemplative look. "You did that on purpose, didn't you." It's not a question. They know each other. Louis knows him. There is no one on earth who knows him like Louis does.

"Yes."

Louis looks at him for another long moment. "Why?"

"Ah," Lestat says, bites at the inside of his cheek. "I was seized by an idea."

"An idea?" Louis repeats, and Lestat can see the moment it dawns on him, the way his lips twitch as he struggles not to smile, "Oh. An idea." He tilts his head. "Tell me more."

Lestat clears his throat. "Mh. *Bien.* You mentioned… Now, how shall I phrase it? You're a businessman, *non?* You wish to sell the best product."

Louis raises a brow. He's still struggling to contain his smile, it seems.

"You mentioned how high your quality standards are," Lestat goes on, "Your methods to ensure they're met…"

"You seriously went and started a fight just so I'd bend you over my knee, huh?" Louis asks, by now full on smiling, "Oh, Lestat."

"In my defence, I thought it was a great plan," Lestat insists, but Louis' smile is very compelling and it's hard to resist returning it.

"Come here," Louis tells him, presses a kiss to his cheek and then one to his lips. "You're such an idiot sometimes, you know that?"

"Love makes all of us do stupid things occasionally, *mon cher,"* Lestat says and kisses him again, just because he can and because he's missed this after not having it for an eternity — a few hours without Louis' kisses often feel like an eternity of bleakness and suffering.

"You know, you can just tell me when you want something," Louis mutters, so close to Lestat's lips it's almost muffled against them. He leans forward to rest his chin on Lestat's shoulder, and his breath tickles the shell of his ear when he whispers, "You can just tell me when you want a spanking, honey."

Lestat shudders and he's sure that Louis can feel it because his teeth latch to his earlobe, bite down very gently. "So shall I?" Louis asks softly, his biting kisses trailing down the length of Lestat's throat.

"Shall you what?" Lestat gets out distractedly, tilting his head to the side. Moans, involuntarily, when Louis draws a few drops of blood.

"Bend you over my knee, baby," Louis tells him, withdraws. His lips are stained ever so slightly red.

Lestat grasps him by his shoulders, presses their mouths together for a hungry kiss that has Louis gasping.

"Oui," Lestat murmurs to answer his question, *"Ne mérite-je pas une punition juste?"*

Louis dips the tip of his nail into the scar by Lestat's mouth, his teeth sunk into his own bottom lip. The look on his face is contemplating. "Oh, you do, *mon cher,"* he whispers, and there's no small amount of humour in it, "Shall I tell you how bad you've been, huh?"

"Louis," Lestat interrupts him, very close to whining, "Please—"

Louis smirks, and Lestat must admit that this is, by all means, very hard to take seriously. "You've been very, very bad," he drawls, and despite his amused tone the words do strike *some* nerve.

"Louis—"

Louis kisses him again, takes his hand. "Come on," he whispers, "I'm not cruel enough to spank you on the parquet."

The pause of silence and the no doubt intrigued look on Lestat's face that he can't help at the suggestion have Louis smirking while he pulls Lestat by the hand into the hall and up the stairs, and then into their bedroom.

Louis sits on on the edge of the bed, cups Lestat's face in his palms to kiss him again, before very quietly telling him to take off his clothes — which Lestat finds is the perfect opportunity to do it slowly and with *grace* because Louis does like watching, and watching attentively.

Louis palms at his bare chest for a moment, and then at his stomach, and at his thigh, purposely avoiding his rather painfully hard cock, of course. "Mh," he hums, "Lean over. Like this."

Lestat does as he’s told and it results in him lying rather awkwardly sprawled over Louis’ right knee, his upper body on the bed, his knees on the floor cushioned by the carpet, and his cock grinding into the material of Louis’ dress pants, which is far too smooth to provide any decent friction.

"You’ll tell me when you’ve had enough, yes?" Louis asks, seriously, before pinching Lestat’s thigh rather meanly when he doesn’t immediately answer.

"Oui," he gets out, and he’d categorise himself as rather — very, admittedly — shameless, but the humiliation of this somehow still gets to him. This position, the way he can’t see Louis’ face, the fact that it makes him so indecently hard, the fact that he can tell that it’s got very much the same effect on Louis from the state of his groin that presses into Lestat’s side.

"Now, tell me again why we’re doing this," Louis says, and he’s using the tone he uses when he conducts business that he doesn’t want to do, and Lestat *loves him.*

"I—" he begins, but he doesn’t get to say the rest because Louis of course chooses to hit him right then, and his ability to speak is intercepted by a startled moan. It hurts, but it’s the good sort of pain that makes his cock twitch. He can feel his face flush, both from the humiliation and from the angle of the position he’s lying in. "I didn’t do as you told me."

"That’s right," Louis says, sounds bored, and hits him again, a bit harder, "I don’t tolerate disobedience."

Lestat nearly chokes, because usually he wakes up after Louis says such things. "I’m sorry."

"You’re not," Louis says, and his tone wavers a little and Lestat can’t see it but he can tell that he’s struggling not to smile, "You will be, when I’m done with you."

"Louis—" Whatever he wanted to say is lost to him because Louis hits him again, and again, and all he can suddenly get out are some strangled moans and a few whimpers. His cock is

leaking against Louis' leg, he can tell. He's sure he's never been so hard in his life. The pain from the hits and the perfect humiliation of doing this, being spanked, it's—

The back of his thighs and his ass cheeks feel hot and sore when Louis gently palms at the skin again, and they're probably some angry shade of red.

"Good?" Louis asks softly, his other hand coming up to tuck a few strands of hair behind Lestat's ear where they have fallen into his face.

"Oui," Lestat whispers, *"Parfait."*

"Come on," Louis tells him, guides him to sit up, fully on his knees now. The look on his face is almost awed when he regards Lestat kneeling before him, before he smiles, ever so slightly. "Do you want to take a break, hm?"

Lestat sniffs. "Louis, no."

Louis exhales and pets his hair. "Oh, love." He kisses him, just for a brief moment, and Lestat can't help but smile against his lips, too, a breathless chuckle escaping him when Louis scratches that spot behind his ear.

"A moment," Louis whispers, and takes off his cardigan.

And Lestat watches, a bit dazed as always at the beauty of the sight, as Louis strips and neatly folds his clothes; Unlike Lestat, who'd thrown them all on the floor carelessly.

Louis sprawls against the covers indulgently, and gets a hand in Lestat's hair to guide him forward. "You know, even when you're being disobedient way more often than my other whores, I could never fire you. You wanna know why?"

Lestat nods, licks his lips and Louis' eyes fix on the movement.

"You’re way more pleasing to me than any of them," Louis says, traces a finger over Lestat’s lips, "Especially your mouth."

Lestat eagerly sucks on his fingertip when Louis briefly pushes it inside.

"I wanna see what else it can do beside arguing with me and sucking cock," Louis drawls, and tugs him forward, "You up for it?"

Instead of answering such a frankly unnecessary question, Lestat leans forward, eagerly flattens his tongue over Louis’ hole.

"Like that," Louis groans, hands clawed in Lestat’s hair, "Yes."

Lestat moans against him, makes sure that Louis feels the vibration of it, revels in the subsequent shudder in his thighs, and pushes his tongue in deeper.

"God, your mouth—" Louis gasps, shifting forward just a bit so the angle’s more ideal so Lestat can eat him out even better, get him more wet. "Come on, use your hands. You want to make this good for me, yes? You want to please me, be a good slut for me?"

Lestat whines in agreement, has to concentrate hard not to grind himself against the side of the mattress, and immediately tugs Louis’ legs open wider to get his tongue deeper.

Louis pulls on his hair. "Go get the oil," he says, "I want to see if your cock’s as pleasing as the rest of you."

Lestat takes a ragged breath. Licks his lips and feels Louis’ eyes focus in on it. *"Oui, Monsieur,"* he gasps and awkwardly bends around to reach the nightstand.

He gets some oil on the carpet, and he vaguely remembers that it had been expensive beyond measure and that the oil's a pain to get out, almost as bad as bloodstains, but he cannot care at all, not when he's sinking a finger in alongside his tongue; Not when Louis makes one of those breathless gasps above him that signify his greatest enjoyment.

"Oh, that's good," Louis tells him, slightly choked, "I told you before but you got a mouth worth a million."

Lestat withdraws from him long enough to look at him and to speak, "*C'est à vous seul, Monsieur."*

Louis' lids flutter. There's probably nothing better in this world than giving Louis pleasure. *"Bien sûr que c'est à moi,"* he says, "You're mine."

"Yes," Lestat agrees, lets himself be pushed up and forward by Louis' hand, his lips brushing against the sodden tip of cock where it's lying on his stomach, "All yours."

He takes him deep at the same time that he puts two more fingers in at once and from this position he can see Louis' every reaction, the way his mouth drops open in bliss, how his hand clenches in the bedsheets, how his nose scrunches up when his face twists with pleasure.

"Lestat," Louis gasps, "Les, oh God."

Lestat watches him, his mouth so full of cock, Louis' hole fluttering around his fingers like mad, and Louis' voice is a thing to behold, and he'd have it recorded if Louis ever let him, preserved for all eternity, the rough cadence of it, the raw pleasure when he says things like, "Make me come, Les, oh baby, oh *fuck*—"

And Lestat makes him come, swallows all he's given, and twists his fingers up just like he knows Louis likes and watches the pleasure unfold on his face, beautiful.

"Fuck," Louis repeats, breathless, lifting his head off the pillows, urgently tugging Lestat's mouth off of his softening cock. "Lestat."

"Mh," Lestat sighs, eagerly crawls up over him on the bed to have his mouth be kissed.

"God, that was real good, baby," Louis tells him, smooths his palms down Lestat's sides, "I don't know if I could ever sell you out to anyone else, you know. Gotta keep you for myself, just for me. No one's ever been as good to me as you are."

Lestat kisses him again, more slowly, pronounced. *"C'est parce que je t'aime."*

Louis' lips find his jaw. *"Je sais. Je sais. T'es tout pour moi."*

Lestat draws back a little to look into his eyes. He's unsure how he'd existed for an entire century and a half without ever beholding such beauty as Louis' eyes. His life was empty before. Colourless. Bland.

"You piss me off so much sometimes," Louis whispers, draws Lestat to his chest, "You drive me to madness ever so often, and I'd be so miserable if you didn't. I need it. You."

Lestat listens to his heartbeat, steady and agitated. "I need you also, *mon cher, tu ne sais pas à quel point."* he whispers, presses his lips to Louis' skin, mouths at a nipple which makes Louis shudder. "Would you still like to sample my cock?"

A grin spreads on Louis' face. "You've really grown fond of this game, huh?"

Lestat narrows his eyes. "As if you haven't."

"Hm," Louis hums, reaching to tuck a strand of hair behind Lestat's hair, "It's nice that you actually listen to me when I call you indecent names."

Lestat purses his lips. "I always listen—"

"I'm sure you do," Louis interrupts suavely, and then sits up to lean on his elbows and puts on a frown. "So, what, are you just gonna sit there and stare at me the entire night? I don't pay you full price for stalling."

Somehow him saying those particular words in that particularly strict tone is enough to make the heat that's died down a bit since flare back up to a rather blazing intensity.

"Non," Lestat whispers, shuffles on his knees to settle between Louis' legs properly again, wraps a hand around his cock to prepare himself — which is probably unnecessary because he's hard enough and wet enough to just put it in right away — and can never really break Louis' gaze all the while.

"Remember what I told you about endurance last time?" Louis says, tone forbidding, "I'm gonna be real upset if you last just two minutes. Can't very well advertise that for my business."

Lestat shakes his head, feels how they both shudder when he puts his cock to Louis' hole. Nearly moans at the way Louis seems to push against it instinctively.

Louis touches a hand to his hip, that spark of humour back in his eyes to distract Lestat from the urge to just *take him*. "You don't want another spanking, do you?"

Lestat has to turn his head to the side to laugh. "Of *course* not."

"Very convincing, love." Louis tugs him down for a messy kiss that turns perfectly bloody when one of his fangs cuts into Lestat's tongue. He narrows his eyes at Lestat when he draws back, and his voice is back to that hard tone, "If I gotta wait another moment for you to do as you're told, I'll cut your pay for the night in half."

"Désolé," Lestat whispers, bites his lip with blunt teeth when he finally pushes it in a little, just the tip. The heat and the tightness of it is incredible as always.

Louis' mouth drops open on a gasp, before he schools his expression back into one of bored indifference. "That's the best you can do, or—"

Lestat makes him interrupt himself with a moan when he grabs Louis' hips and puts it all in with one sharp thrust, just like he knows that Louis likes it.

Louis lets out a little punched-out sound, his chest heaving. "Adequate," he says, the ultimate *insult,* and Lestat knows that Louis *knows* it.

And Louis pinches his lips, glares up at him so coldly and so convincingly calculating even though he's full of cock, and Lestat also knows that Louis knows *what he's doing* when he says, a challenge in his eyes, "I've had better before."

Lestat snarls, seizing him by the waist to hold him still while he fucks into him again. He knows, rationally, that Louis hasn't had any better — he's told him so often enough before — but the suggestion alone that it could be true in any other universe is *devastating.*

"Lestat," Louis gasps, hands finding Lestat's hair to tug on it, "Yes."

"Yes?" Lestat asks, *"Est-ce adéquat?"*

Louis' legs come up to wrap around Lestat's waist, his hand giving his hair a sharp, painful tug.

"I wish," he says, tongue coming out to wet his lips and the twinkle in his eyes is positively devious, "my husband could fuck me like this. But you know, he's always riling me up, always arguing, and then I gotta sleep in a different coffin than him, and then he can't fuck me when we wake up together. Lucky for me I got you to please me. Having an eager slut like you at my beck and call—"

Lestat crushes his lips to Louis', manages to get a hand around his cock to pull it in time with his thrusts because that *word*—

Louis cries out under him, his head tilted back against the pillows, face open in bliss at every thrust that Lestat gives him. Sharper than they usually do it, with way more force — it's the sort of sex they only have for special occasions.

"Les," Louis gasps, and again, "Les," and his grip would've ripped out strands of hair if Lestat had been mortal.

His eyes flicker up to Lestat's. They shine so viciously despite the flush high on his cheeks, despite the fact that Lestat knows that he's just as close from the tremble in his stomach, the wetness that his cock gushes. "I might take you to coffin later," he says, "Let you fuck me again when we wake up tomorrow. My personal slut—"

Lestat isn't sure which of them comes first — It doesn't matter anyways, because Louis is kissing him and it briefly feels like they're floating off the bed with the force of the climax. And Louis' teeth sink into his throat the moment his sink into Louis', synchronous by instinct, so in tune with each other as they are.

It prolongs the pleasure to infinity, and Lestat doubts it will ever stop feeling this good, drinking from Louis while Louis takes his blood.

It's sluggish, the kiss they share after, slow and messy, blood spilling all over the bedding.

"No," Louis mutters, when Lestat is about to get up to clean them both up, "Stay."

And so he stays, curls himself around Louis and manages to pull up the comforter from the foot of the bed over them without letting go of him.

At some point, he manages to reach over to rifle through the nightstand for a box of matches and a pack of cigarettes. He lights one, and Louis gives him a glare.

"Not in the bedroom, honey," he says, lips pursed, "The smell—"

Lestat takes a drag and kisses him, lets him have some of the smoke and despite his protests, Louis hums in enjoyment.

"What about the smell?" Lestat asks, plays with Louis' nipple under the duvet, which earns him first a little moan and then another glare.

"It's gonna linger in the carpet, the mattress, the sheets," Louis tells him, and arches up to get his lips around the tip of the cigarette to take a drag.

"Mh," Lestat agrees, "It will. You could always punish me for smoking in the bedroom, no?"

Louis sighs, and rests his head to Lestat's chest. "I always wonder," he mutters, "how I got so lucky. You know, to have met you. Can't imagine being so happy with anyone else."

Lestat presses a kiss to his cheek, and one to the curly hair on top of his head, and draws him even closer. He always feels so warm when Louis says things like that. Like he felt when he used to stand under the sun as a boy, when they sky above him was still bright blue and light.

He's long made peace with the fact that he'll never see such a sky again, or the sun, or its warmth in his face, but he was so sad about it for a long time, the fact that he'd never have it again.

Not anymore, though. Because he doesn't need the sun anymore — Because he has Louis. And Louis makes him feel warmer than the sun ever could.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!

Translations:
Ne mérite-je pas une punition juste? — Do I not deserve a rightous punishment?

Parfait — Perfect

C’est à vous seul — It’s only yours

Bien sûr que c'est à moi — Of course it’s mine

C'est parce que je t'aime — It’s because I love you

Je sais. Je sais. T’es tout pour moi — I know, I know. You’re it for me

Tu ne sais pas à quel point — You don’t know how much

Est-ce adéquat? — Is this adequate?

End Notes

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